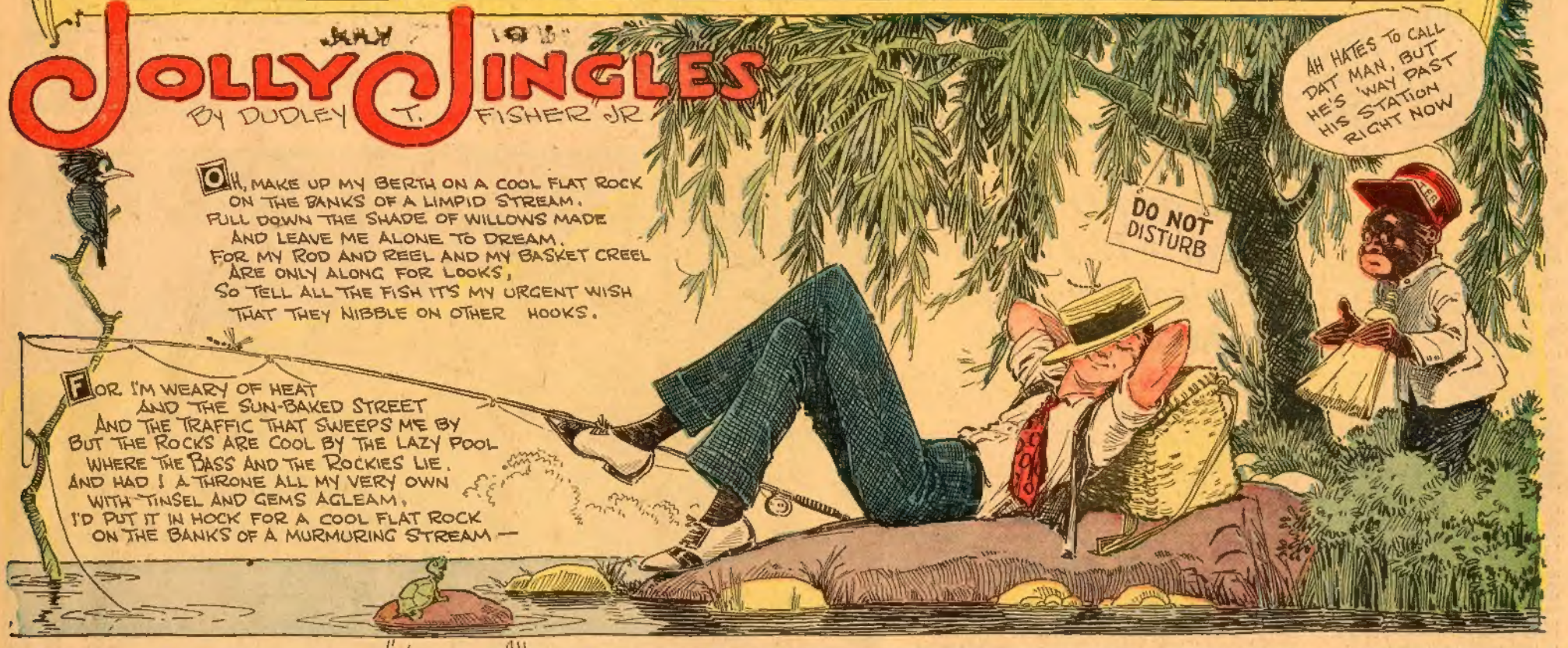
MAGAZINE SECTION — SUNDAY POST DISPATCH — MAGAZINE SECTION

JOLLY JINGLES

BY DUDLEY T. FISHER JR

OH, MAKE UP MY BERTH ON A COOL FLAT ROCK
ON THE BANKS OF A LIMPID STREAM.
PULL DOWN THE SHADE OF WILLOWS MADE
AND LEAVE ME ALONE TO DREAM.
FOR MY ROD AND REEL AND MY BASKET CREEL
ARE ONLY ALONG FOR LOOKS,
SO TELL ALL THE FISH IT'S MY URGENT WISH
THAT THEY NIBBLE ON OTHER HOOKS.

FOR I'M WEARY OF HEAT
AND THE SUN-BAKED STREET
AND THE TRAFFIC THAT SWEEPS ME BY
BUT THE ROCKS ARE COOL BY THE LAZY POOL
WHERE THE BASS AND THE ROCKIES LIE.
AND HAD I A THRONE ALL MY VERY OWN
WITH TINSEL AND GEMS AGLEAM,
I'D PUT IT IN HOCK FOR A COOL FLAT ROCK
ON THE BANKS OF A MURMURING STREAM —



FISHING

I MUST HAVE STARTED WRONG, BUT NOW
IT SEEMS TOO LATE TO CHANGE, SOMEHOW.
I'D LIKE TO FISH, BUT I MUST ROW
THE BOAT FOR ANNABELLE AND FLO.

BUT WHAT THE GIRLS DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT FISHING THEY'RE LEARNING FAST—

CHILD RHYMES for SECOND CHILDHOOD

LITTLE FISHES IN THE BROOK,
PAPA CATCH 'EM ON A HOOK.
MAMMA WOULDN'T CLEAN 'EM, SO,
IN THE GARBAGE CAN THEY GO

MAGAZINE SECTION — SUNDAY POST DISPATCH — MAGAZINE SECTION

JOLLY JINGLES

1931

BY DUDLEY T. FISHER JR

HOT DOGS

"NOW WATCH THE BIRDIE"

I PROMISED THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE I'D SEND 'EM A PICTURE!

HANDY SANDY BUY

HOME VACATION SERVICE

(LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE A BIG CLUB THIS YEAR)

FISHING GOLF
TENNIS POLO
BATHING BEACH
SUN-TAN AND INDIGESTION

WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK?

NOW ANNABELLE'S
WILD ABOUT MOUNTAINS.
SHE HAS OUR VACATION ALL PLANNED.
BUT FLO THINKS WE OUGHTER
GO SOMEPLACE WITH WATER
AND BILLOWS AND BATHING AND SAND.
AND SO FAR I'VE NOT BEEN CONSULTED
AS TO JUST WHEN OR WHERE WE SHALL ROAM
BUT I'VE GOT AMPLE REASON
FOR THINKING, THIS SEASON,
WE'RE QUITE APT TO

VACATE AT HOME

SEE YOU IN CHURCH

OF COURSE IF THE WIFE STARTS THE AT-HOME-VACATION BY GETTING OUT HER LIST OF THINGS TO BE DONE ABOUT THE HOUSE, THEN ALL BETS ARE OFF AND A CHAP IS ENTITLED TO A TICKET TO ATLANTIC CITY, PIKE'S PEAK, OR HOLLYWOOD

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE CAR, AIN'T WE? AND WHEN YOU'VE GOT A CAR YOU'RE GONNA DRIVE IT, AIN'T YOU? AND WE HAVE TO EAT NO MATTER WHERE WE ARE

LET'S GO

HERE'S THE OLD LOGIC THAT WRECKS MANY A STAY-HOME-VACATION —

FLO SAYS
ALL THIS CAMPING
AND FISHING
AND TRAMPING
'MID MOUNTAINS CAN
NEVER COMPARE
WITH THE OCEAN, BUT GEE!
ANNABELLE WON'T AGREE.
SHE'S STRONG FOR THAT
KEEN MOUNTAIN AIR.
I KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE
WHEN THEY ARGUE THE CASE,
BUT TO INWARDLY
CHUCKLE I'M BOUND,
FOR, SOME NIGHT, AFTER DARK,
WE'LL GO UP TO THE PARK
AND ALL RIDE ON THE

MERRY-GO-ROUND —

Jolly Jingles

LITTLE WILD ROSE,
LITTLE WILD ROSE.
IT ISN'T YOUR STYLE
AND IT ISN'T YOUR POSE.
YOUR HABITS ARE HUMBLE,
YOUR FORTUNE IS SMALL,
BUT WHO CAN DENY
YOU'RE THE SWEETEST OF ALL.

THE TEA-ROSES, GOSSIPING
OVER THEIR TEA,
MAY SNEER AT YOUR LACK
OF A HOT-HOUSE DEGREE.
THEY'LL BRAG OF THE STATION
THEIR BIRTHRIGHT INSURES
YET THEY'D GIVE ALL THEY HAVE
FOR THE FREEDOM THAT'S YOURS.

THE CLIMBERS MUST STRIVE
AND THE RAMBLERS WILL ROAM,
BUT OUT IN THE FENCE-ROW
YOU'RE ALWAYS AT HOME.
AND LUCKY'S THE DEW DROP
THAT SPARKLES AND GLOWS
ON THE SOFT, PINKY CHEEK
OF THE LITTLE WILD ROSE —

VERSE
AND
ILLUSTRATION
BY
DUDLEY T. FISHER JR.

THE COLUMBUS SUNDAY DISPATCH-MAY, 23, 1926 /7

JOLLY JINGLES

BY DUDLEY T. FISHER JR.

Registered in U. S. Pat. Office

"THIS TIME," REMARKED THE EDITOR,
"TO SPEAK OF MANY THINGS.
OF BATHING BEAUTIES, FLIVVERS, GOLF,
HOT-DOGS, AND WEDDING RINGS."
"YOU'RE RIGHT," REPLIED THE OFFICE BOY,
"AND DON'T FORGET THE SWINGS."

"MOREOVER," SAID THE EDITOR,
"ON NECKING WE MIGHT TOUCH.
AND THEN THERE'S PICNICS, POWDER-PUFFS,
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BLIND-DATES, AND SUCH."
"AND BLONDES", REPLIED THE OFFICE BOY,
"ALAS! THEY'RE MUCH TOO MUCH!"

"AND MEANWHILE," SIGHED THE EDITOR,
"WE'D BETTER MAKE IT CLEAR
JUST WHERE WE STAND ON CHOCOLATE DOPES,
BOBBED HAIR, LIGHT WINE AND BEER."
"EXACTLY," SOBBED THE OFFICE BOY,
AND SHED A BITTER TEAR.

"THEN, LASTLY," CRIED THE EDITOR,
"THIS THING OF WOMAN'S DRESS;
I HARDLY THINK THEY'LL TURN TO MORE,
YET DARE THEY TURN TO LESS?"
"DON'T ASK ME," SAID THE OFFICE BOY,
"I WOULDN'T DARE TO GUESS."

"AND NOW," THE EDITOR EXCLAIMED,
"CONCLUSIONS WE SHOULD SPRING.
WHERE ARE WE AT? WHY ARE WE HERE?
WHAT CHANGES SHOULD WE BRING?"
"FORGET IT," CHIRPED THE OFFICE BOY,
"LET'S DON'T DO ANYTHING."

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I'VE GOT A GIRL AND HER NAME IS LUCY,
SHE'S GOT A KISS THAT'S LONG AND JUICY.
EYES TO EYES AND NOSE TO NOSE.
FLIPPITY-FLOP, AND AWAY SHE GOES.